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LONDON
SEPTEMBER 23, 1942

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Marcus Adams

Lady Pamela Berry and Her Children

The wife of Major the Hon. Michael Berry was Lady Pamela Smith before her marriage in 1936. She is the younger daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead and of Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead. Her husband is the second son of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose. Their son, Adrian, was born in 1937, and the baby, Nicholas, is two months old. He was christened in July, and has Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information, as one of his godparents. Lady Pamela has been living since the war at Charlton, the home of her brother, the Earl of Birkenhead, who married her husband's sister, the Hon. Sheila Berry, in 1935. Lady Pamela's own sister is Lady Eleanor Smith, the well-known authoress



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Epic Battle

THE defence of Stalingrad has been magnificent. It will rank high in military annals. The Russians have earned the respect of all men by this example of courage which has reached such heights among ordinary men, and such determination from those charged with the responsibilities of leadership. Never in modern times has a city been besieged in this way. The measure of Hitler's desperate determination to win success in this, which is only a local sector when all is said and done, is indicative. In the last resort he had to order a frontal assault on the city. Then he found that he could not use his dive-bombers because Germans and Russians became engaged in hand to hand fighting. The losses have been heavy on each side, heavier on the German side because the attacking forces must face the steady fire of the defenders. There's little natural cover around Stalingrad and one thing this campaign has proved is the remarkably high qualities of Russian artillery. It has been most effective. At this stage it is impossible to assess the German casualties, but we are entitled to ask whether Hitler can justify them. Long before the siege of Stalingrad reached its high degree of severity the Russian High Command had made their plans to cover the possible loss of the city. Therefore the battle of the defenders had as one supreme object: the decimation of as many Germans as possible. Day by day the toll of German dead has risen in this one sector. But the line of battle extends more than sixteen hundred miles and death awaits the Nazi inspired German at many points. There can

be few homes in Germany which have not suffered, and in many, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers must be wondering why, for even Germans are human. If it is true that Hitler has been compelled to give up all idea of further conquests and is determined on throwing a defensive ring around his armies in occupied lands, we can assume that trouble is not far away. No tyrant can be safe in a fortress which he has to share with those who have suffered at his command until they can suffer no more.

Balkan Bubble?

IT would be easy to draw conclusions of a gratifying kind from the various developments in the Balkans. In Yugoslavia several German divisions are contained because of the undying resistance of the fighting men of this nation of mixed races. But now trouble has broken out in Bulgaria, and the Prime Minister Filoff has been compelled to order repressive measures. This follows mysterious happenings in Hungary, where on August 23, the son of Horthy, the President, met his death in queer circumstances. In the Balkans they know better than most people how the campaign is going in Russia, and above all, how the German people are faring at home. Bad news cannot be kept from the people of the Balkans. The Balkans have always been the sounding board of history. Hitler cannot fool these people for long, particularly if his power to strike them down with his military machines is declining by wastage in Russia. I am reminded that the revolt in Bulgaria on October 18, 1918, preceded the German search for an

armistice which was finally signed on November 11. But as I said at the beginning of this paragraph, the Balkans make wishful thinking much too easy.

Heroes All

SEPTEMBER 15 is a key date in history. On that day in 1940 Hitler lost all hope of dominating the world. His vaunted Luftwaffe had failed to subdue the Royal Air Force, by which means alone he could launch an invasion of the British Isles. Saved from invasion, Britain was freed to fight for her future and the future of the rest of the world. And this was done by what air commanders of the large air forces of the future will always describe as a handful of men. What a handful! Gay, debonair, careless, courageous. They were young men whom Mussolini had dared to describe as the decadent youth of Britain. They fought as few men have ever fought. The odds were heavy against them. But they never knew despair. They were the Knights of Freedom, and as such they should be known to all men the world over. For they saved Britain and the world. Had they failed the freedom of all would have been lost. The campaign in Russia would have been a different story, the future of the United States would not have looked so bright. It was these young men who gave life and power and speed to the machines they manned. I always feel that of all modern inventions the Spitfire should take its place among the saviours of mankind. In dealing out death and destruction it has saved us from the darkness of the depravity of Nazism which Hitler would have imposed on us. Sir Hugh Dowding must have been a very proud man when recently he met just a few of the pilots who won for us the Battle of Britain, for he had seen the birth of the Spitfire and trained the young men to handle it.

Admonition

FOR many days to come politicians will discuss the admonition delivered to them by Sir Stafford Cripps. He told them that the duties of Members of Parliament are just as great as the duties of a man in the front line. Because Sir Stafford is Leader of the House of Commons



Battle of Britain Heroes Celebrate Their Victory in London With Their Former C-in-C.

Wing Commander J. A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C., from Canada, and Flight Officer Elspeth Henderson, W.A.A.F., were there to celebrate the day. She received the Military Medal, a very rare honour for a woman, for gallantry in remaining at her post during a heavy raid on a fighter station

Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley, D.F.C., was one of the party of twelve who met Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, C-in-C. of Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain, at the M.O.I. on September 15, on which date two years ago 185 German aircraft were destroyed in Britain

Three Wing Commanders there were Richard Glead, D.S.O., D.F.C., author of "Arise to Conquer"; the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., now leader of a very successful night fighter squadron; and A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., with at least thirty-two enemy aircraft to his credit, who has recently been transferred to Training Command



Commanding in Madagascar

General Sir William Platt, now in command of operations in Madagascar, was the man who led the southern attack from the Sudan in the successful Abyssinian campaign last year. He was praised by the War Office for his coolness, confidence and aggressive leadership in that operation



Skipper of the s.s. "Ohio"

Captain Dudley William Mason, Master s.s. "Ohio," received the George Cross, for courage of the highest order in bringing his ship with a cargo of oil safely to Malta recently. That the "Ohio," though torpedoed several times and partly sinking, finally arrived in port, was due to the captain's unswerving determination and skill

his words caused consternation among those who are not used to such harsh directness. The trouble arose when towards the end of the Prime Minister's war speech a number of Members left their places one after the other, apparently satisfied that they had heard all the important things Mr. Churchill had to say. When Mr. Greenwood, as Leader of the so-called Opposition, started to speak the House of Commons emptied. At one moment only twelve Members were present, and they were not anxious to join in the debate. This appalled Sir Stafford Cripps, for two days had been set aside for discussion of the speech. In the past the politicians have complained that the

Government had not accorded them sufficient time to dissect, discuss and criticise Mr. Churchill's pronouncements. So Sir Stafford hit out. Like most members of the public I think he was right to do so. It shows that he has a sturdy disregard for the finess of politics. He believes that Members of Parliament have a duty and that they should do it. I have never known our M.P.s so sheepish as they were after the admonition. All manner of excuses were forthcoming in private. It was argued that the general public could not possibly understand the arrangements under which the House of Commons works. In other words, the public couldn't appreciate the rules of this club. But behind all the explanations was seen the anger of the politicians and they started to plan a protest against Sir Stafford. Then it was realised that if they didn't appreciate Sir Stafford, the public did, so that it was no good attacking him.

Transatlantic Traveller

WITH speed and secrecy which has now become the rule of the Atlantic, Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, suddenly arrived in Newfoundland the other day. He is to contact Dominion statesmen and discuss war problems in Washington. He made the same trip last year at this time. Mr. Churchill was responsible for his journey. He insisted that the change would do Mr. Attlee good. He will, whenever possible, rest on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Attlee is a hard worker. No one should doubt his ability and the useful part he has played in the War Cabinet.

Party Plans

IT seems hardly conceivable, but it may be true, that Captain Randolph Churchill, son of the Prime Minister, who is also leader of the Conservative Party, is not aware of Tory plans for the future. After foreshadowing the possibility of a Centre Party in a speech in his constituency, Captain Churchill has now written an article about it. The article turned out to be more confusing to the politicians than the speech. They don't know what Captain Churchill really wants. He glorifies the idea of a Centre Party and then expresses the hope

that the Conservative Party will reform itself and become more progressive in the national interest.

As the ink was drying on Captain Churchill's article, the Conservative Party headquarters were issuing one of a series of plans for the future. This is a Federation of Youth for boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen which is suggested by a sub-committee on education set up by the Conservative Party. This is only one aspect of post-war problems which a number of young Conservatives are examining and searching with energy and foresight. They are not writing articles about the future, they are formulating plans. I assume that Captain Churchill hasn't bothered much about the inner workings of the Conservative Party organisation.

It must be remembered that he has been at loggerheads with the Party machine more than once. Therefore we are entitled to regard the Centre Party idea as his main hope for the future and not the revival



Freeman of Portsmouth

Admiral Sir William James, Cdr.-in-Chief Portsmouth since 1939, is to be succeeded next month by Admiral Sir Charles Little, a former Chief of Naval Personnel. Here is Admiral James receiving a casket from the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, Sir Denis Daley, when he was made an Honorary Freeman of the City last week

of the Conservative Party. Lord Beaverbrook is also a believer in the Centre Party.

Celebration

OF all men Lord Baldwin has known the bitterness that is frequently the lot of those in public life. No man has been more condemned by people of all classes since the war started. He has been blamed for everything, but he has never opened his mouth in self-defence. He has lived a life of retirement in Worcestershire, visiting London occasionally, but never returning to the Houses of Parliament where he enjoyed some years of triumph. I have no doubt that much of the bitterness showered on him has been allayed by the peace of his domestic life. Quietly, with their family around them, Lord and Lady Baldwin celebrated their golden wedding anniversary a week or so ago.



Decorated With The Purple Heart

First Lieutenant Eugene M. Lockhart, from South Carolina, and Sergeant Frederick Rich, from Pennsylvania, both received the Purple Heart (the American equivalent of our M.C.), when Major-General Spaatz, commanding the U.S. Army Air Corps in Europe, presented medals recently to twenty-three officers and men of his bomber squadrons. Both were wounded in daylight attacks

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Bad Girl of the Family

By James Agate

AFTER two weeks of crook films, re-enter the Domestic Drama. Our Braille student, lovingly fingering the Guide to Films for the Blind will have learnt before this that the Hollywood recipe for this genre includes the rich family complete with millionaire uncles and legacy-bequeathing aunts, the plausible rogue who bags the nitwit, moneyed bride, the cheap hussy, Scarlet O'Something, who uses her purple nails as grappling-irons. Here follows an unvarying rule. Where the alluring heroine is Loretta Young or Claudette Colbert, the picture must end happily to the tune of wedding bells. In cases where Bette Davis and other serious heroines of the film world perform, we are to prepare ourselves for motor accidents, murders, and the exhibition of the less lovable traits of feminine psychology.

In This Our Life (Warner) falls into the second category. Here is another story of the rich family, this time in the South, Virginia to wit, where the cotton and the negroes grow. A very wealthy, luxurious circle is this—Timberlakes, who are weak and good-natured, on the one side, and Fitzroys, ruthless and efficient, on the other. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Timberlake—he a quiet and colourless little man (Frank Craven), she an invalid and never forgetting that she was a Fitzroy (Billie Burke), the Fitzroys, as befits their nomenclature, deeming themselves socially superior to the less distinguished Timberlakes. Then we have Mrs. T's brother William (Charles Coburn), a large, unscrupulous and dominant financier, who, we hear, has practically swindled his brother-in-law out of most of his property, and rules the roost since he carries the cash. He, too, is an invalid, and is advised to take care of his heart, not to get too much excited and to avoid excess of alcohol. Then there are the two Timberlake girls. The elder, Roy (Olivia de Havilland), is an incarnation

of all the virtues; she is kind, helpful, sympathetic and suffers in silence. This young lady is engaged to a promising young surgeon called Peter (Dennis Morgan). The other daughter, Stanley (Bette Davis), is the complete opposite of her virtuous sister. She is a very compendium of evil qualities; she is a liar, she is greedy, envious, cruel and heartless. She is as cunning as Becky Sharp (but without the wit), as merciless as Valérie Marneffe (minus the beauty), and as selfish as Hedda Gabler (less her distinction). In American horse language she is mean. This bad girl is engaged to one Craig Fleming, a budding lawyer (George Brent), although we grieve to hear that his opinions tend to make him sympathetic towards the lower orders, an impropriety of which Uncle William strongly disapproves.

WELL, now the scene is set, and what shall we see? Believe me, reader, some very surprising things. We shall see a game of General Post amongst the two sets of lovers: thus good Roy loses wavering Peter, who elopes with the wicked Stanley. The deserted Craig forgets he is a lawyer, spends his time mooning unshaven on a bench in the park, where he is found by the equally deserted and unhappy Roy. She comforts him, sends him to a barber, and induces him to flick the accumulated dust off the briefs in his office. And in due course they fall in love and marry. Meanwhile, Stanley has made rather a mess of things. She spends the money given her by the rich uncle (who by the way shows an affection for her which is not at all avuncular), wastes her time dancing to jazz tunes on the wireless, and boring herself to death. The passion between her and Peter is dead; he drinks like a fish and finally commits suicide: if it was suicide. Do you remember Jos Sedley's death? There was a little doubt about the circumstances of that too.

AFTER this the story proceeds on conventional lines. The murderess occupies the stage until the finish. She goes to pieces, she comes home, is bored, wears black, gets sick of wearing black, vamps her former lover who cannot quite erase her from his affections, vamps the uncle in order to get more money out of him, and makes herself a pest and a nuisance all round. Finally she gets one of her mad fits while driving her car, kills a little girl while injuring the child's mother, and shoves the blame on to the shoulders of a young negro studying law in Craig's office. But presently her guilt is proved, and she goes for one last drive into the wild country where the car overturns and she is killed. A proper and fitting fate for such naughty, nasty little girls. And we reflect that if at the beginning old man Timberlake had turned up his daughter's skirts and used the family slipper, Warner's would not have been put to the trouble of making this film.

WHAT astounded me was the ease with which Stanley, as impersonated by the talented Miss Davis, managed to get all her plans fulfilled, and ride rough-shod over all obstacles. Because it must be plain to all that the first quality necessary for any actress playing Stanley is great physical beauty, or its equivalent in charm. And with all my admiration for Miss Davis, beauty and charm are not her more salient assets. It is to be noticed that throughout the film she used two opposite expressions with almost rhythmic regularity: the smiling face which she turns to her lovers, victims, in fact the world at large, and the evil, scowling, hate-filled face she shows to us, as though in an aside. The continual repetition of these two faces, something like the masks of comedy and tragedy in the old pictures, produced in the end a certain monotony. We know exactly what to expect and can never hope that she will smile at us and scowl at her friends. That would be to make a mistake, and Miss Davis's camera-man does not allow her to make mistakes. Apart from this she is to be congratulated on adding yet another to her already formidable gallery of Bad Women. One thing she can do of which the average screen actress is quite incapable: she can suggest breeding.

THE other parts shine with a lesser glow. Miss de Havilland can make little of the insipid Roy, Dennis Morgan has nothing to



Three days before her marriage to Craig, Stanley decides to run away. She is determined to break up her sister's happy marriage to Peter



She persuades Peter to leave his wife and come away with her. Finally, Roy is forced to divorce Peter and he marries Stanley



The Timberlakes are an old Southern family. There is Uncle William Fitzroy, the richest man in town (Charles Coburn), Stanley (Bette Davis), Asa, nominal head of the family (Frank Craven), William's wife, Charlotte (Mary Seross), and Roy, Stanley's sister (Olivia de Havilland). Asa's wife, Lavinia (Billie Burke), is a bedridden hypochondriac



The two sisters, Stanley and Roy, understand each other perfectly in spite of different temperaments. Stanley is engaged to Craig Fleming (George Brent), Roy is the wife of Peter Kingsmill (Dennis Morgan)

"In This Our Life"

Sisterly Love and Hate Dominate Warner's New Picture Starring Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland

do except look glum and get drunk, Billie Burke has to remain an invalid with about four lines, and Frank Craven is just Mr. Wilfer all over again. Remain the excellent business-like performance of George Brent and the superb picture of the voluptuous uncle by admirable Charles Coburn. I think this film will have a considerable measure of success. It has a story, it has Bette Davis as a wicked woman, and it is all about the caperings of the American Idle Rich. Next, please.

In This Our Life, has been adapted from the novel by Ellen Glasgow. With Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland are George Brent, Dennis Morgan, Charles Coburn and Billie Burke. The picture is reviewed by James Agate on this and the preceding page

Right: Stanley is the apple of Fitzroy's eye. Her devilry keeps him alive. He spoils her with money and gifts



Their marriage is unhappy and Peter is driven to suicide. Meantime, Roy has married Craig. Stanley determines to break up Roy's second marriage



When Craig refuses to succumb, Stanley is furious. Driving recklessly she kills a child and has a coloured boy arrested for the crime. Craig finds out her guilt and forces her to confess. Running from justice, Stanley drives off in her car and, skidding, is killed

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Night of the Garter (Strand)

ONE'S first reaction to these headstrong revels, whether delight or dismay, depends rather on one's attitude to farce in general and what one expects of a ten-year-old with that pun in its title. Later reflection may lead one to feel that farce is the true surrealism. And indeed the attempts of modern painters to explore the terra incognita of the mind seem by comparison mere excursions into the mental suburbs. Those pictorial dreamscapes and desolate seashores, littered with symbolised fauna and other exotic flotsam, seem sheer realism beside the extravagances of farce and the odd behaviour of its figments.

Should one happen on such farce after a course of more or less serious-minded plays, one is apt to be taken unawares. For such is the illusion of the theatre that when characters, normally clothed and to all appearance in their right minds, enter the scene, one takes it

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Kenneth's wife, Jennie, has found out about the garter. Determined to compromise herself and make Kenneth jealous, she seizes on Bunthorp Phipps (Jack Melford, Rene Ray)

somehow for granted that their speech will make sense and their conduct be reasonable; whereas they, taking advantage of their farcical licence, defy both rhyme and reason. And until the general laughter advises one of the mistake, their preliminary moves and conversation are liable to astonish or appal, and the fun to seem the abomination of desolation. Laugh, and the house laughs with you; frown, and you frown alone.

There are, of course, degrees in nonsense, even niceties in farcical inanity. Some farces are shyer than others in unbridling folly and giving inconsequence its head. These are sometimes so witty as to be mistaken at first for comedies. Their characters will enter the scene with natural decorum, and speak and behave as though the situations they cunningly build up for your undoing were plausible and they themselves creatures of your own world. Such farce may be said to undermine resistance, rather than take it by storm; and your surrender, when it comes, has almost the excuse of surprise.

NOT so *Night of the Garter*. This shameless old reprobate has no truck with such refinements, but begins as it means to go on. Its weapon is the bludgeon, not the scalpel; ribs, not heads, are its objectives. Even the first characters enter the scene in full farcical frenzy. And such remarks as the thunderstorm without permits you to overhear seem to defy credulity. Moreover, there are the doors, the many, many doors of that familiar old lounge hall. These bang, and go on banging with the zest of crackers at a Chinese fete, as distraught intruders and dissembling fugitives pop in and out like rabbits in a nightmare warren. Laughter is not wooed but demanded, and the welkin thrashed into becoming uproarious. Should you yield to the temptation to wonder why, how, or what on earth you are doing in this galere, that is just too bad. The welkin will ring without you.

In this case one's startled sense of decorum is saved from outrage by the timely appearance of Mr. Sydney Howard, whose suave insinuating wrists and bland protesting eyes bring reassurance. He arrives early, and seems always to be there when most needed to pour oil on these troubled waters. Purporting to be a butler, he is a master of procrastination. Delayed action in a crisis is his forte, occasional impulsiveness his foible. Here he blends them brilliantly. On his midway ascent of the staircase, for instance, with a heavy trunk precariously balanced on his shoulders, he will hesitate between answering two conflicting calls, that of an irate employer below, and that of an incontinent telephone above. But whether, after a breathless interval, he decides to mount or descend, he labours, like Sisyphus, in vain, save as an evoker of laughter.

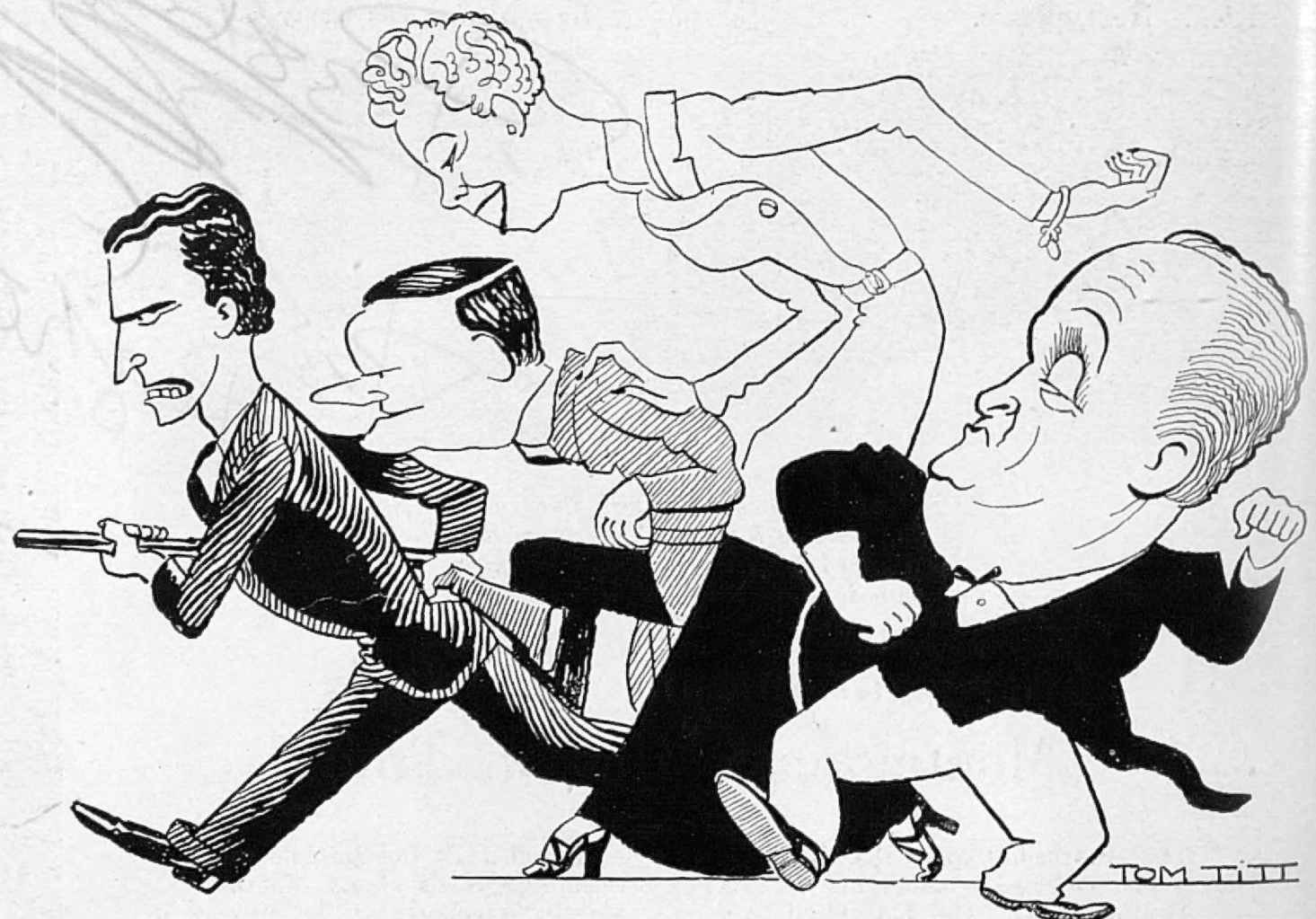
IT is, therefore, unnecessary to wonder what these nocturnal revels would be like without him, since he is so generously present and so much their master. And so long as that eponymous garter is in play, passing, via his



The diamond garter accepted from an admirer before her marriage proves an elusive stumbling block to marital bliss for the young bride. With the help of her maid, Mrs. Fish, Gwendoline Darling seeks to return the present she now hates, to the giver, Kenneth Warwick (Joan Shannon, Max Kirby, Muriel George)

hands or pockets, from leg to leg, one is content to laugh and leave the unfathomable unplumbed. Not that the plot he adorns is, narratively speaking, plain sailing. A pause for the examination of its intricacies would be fatal; one word of reason spoken off the text would spell disaster. Moreover, one's sympathies are often unhelpfully engaged by the plight of the attractive young ladies of the company, forced by the exigencies of farce to scream too much and too loudly, to be clothed in horse blankets, hoisted by stable tackle, and have their beauty marred by soot in order to make a night of it.

One may still wonder that such dialogue as falls to them should have been conceived, written, memorised and rehearsed in cold blood, and that it should succeed in convulsing the house. Such wonder, however, is merely tribute paid to farce and to the purgative therapy of surrealism, which only a bigoted psychopath would be so unkind as to explain.



The chase for the garter becomes a pursuit involving every one in the house. Mysterious noises all around add to the excitement. Led by a furious bridegroom, Teddy Darling, the party set out to discover the intruders (Neal Arden, Anthony Bazell, Marjorie Brooks, and Sydney Howard)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"The Tatler' makes her look like Douglas Byng!
Oh! what a lark! with Bertram Park,
He exposed her once, developed her once,
And did things in the dark!"

"Sergeant - Major The Lady Montmorency Hudson Trott"

The latest addition to the already large repertoire of Jack and Daphne Barker is a distinguished member of the A.T.S.—Sergeant-Major the Lady Montmorency Hudson Trott. Her ladyship is presented nightly in cabaret at the Meurice by the Barkers. Daphne and Jack are members of the cast of *Get a Load of This*. Daphne has great hopes of becoming a "straight" actress one day. Her aunt, Ruby Miller—remember her in *A Little Bit of Fluff* at the Comedy in the last war?—is coaching her. Appropriately enough, the lessons are taking place in David Garrick's old home—a lovely cottage at Hampton—which is now Ruby Miller's home



"She's Sergeant-Major
The Lady Montmorency Hudson Trott,
... But if she looks bad in uniform
She's twice as bad without!"

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Another Classic for the King

THE royal victory in the St. Leger was tremendously popular, and the cheering as Sun Chariot drew away from her rivals to pass the winning-post, and complete an individual treble, was really wonderful. Nevertheless, one could not help feeling a pang of sadness as this lovely filly was led in, and one became all too forcibly aware of the total absence of royalty owing to the great sorrow which has recently overtaken the Family.

The day was fine and sunny and since Leger day was Saturday, the course was much more crowded than the usual Newmarket meeting. The King has set up a record this year with his four classic wins, and once again one realises what an outstanding year this would have been for racing in peacetime. Still, it is good to remember that his Majesty's successes, especially with Sun Chariot (winner of the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger) will be of the greatest value to thoroughbred breeding, which is, after all, the only reason racing is taking place these days.

Incidentally, it is an old and wise rule that royal racing entries are not affected by the command for mourning, save in the case of the death of the reigning sovereign when, of course, all his entries are automatically cancelled. Even then, to keep the royal stable running, a compromise is effected as in 1936, when King George V. died and the royal stud was loaned, for the period of mourning, to Lord Derby and ran in his name.

"Regulars" There

AMONGST "regulars" present were the Duchess of Norfolk, with her great friend, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, who is one of Lord and Lady Derby's granddaughters. Lady Derby herself was also present, hoping to see her husband's horse, Watling Street, repeat his Derby win, but this time he could do no better than run second to brilliant Sun Chariot, who did not oppose him in the Derby, having run in, and won, the Oaks, that week. Lord

and Lady Manton were together, the latter looking charming in navy blue. Others there included Lady "Boodley" Green, in royal blue, the Hon. Sheila Digby, Lady Durham, Mrs. Scott-Miller, who lives near the course, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills, Lord and Lady Sefton, Mrs. Van Cutsem, very neat in tailored clothes, and Lady Jean Christie and her sister, Lady Vini Rogerson, accompanied by their uncle, Lord Grimthorpe.

Two great supporters of racing who one doesn't see on a racecourse often these days were Miss Dorothy Paget, whose game little horse, Canyonero, won such a good race on the first day, and Lord Rosebery, whose Hyperides was third in the Leger. It was the first time Lord Rosebery has been racing this year, for his work as Regional Commissioner for Scotland keeps him so busy that he hardly ever leaves Scotland these days. Lady D'Avidor Goldsmith and Mrs. Gardner, still better remembered as Mary Ashley, were making one of their rare visits to a race meeting.

Amongst the men were Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Harewood, the Hon. Peter Beatty, Mr. John Dewar, Mr. Jimmy Rank, Mr. Teddy Lambton, Mr. Tom Blackwell, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, and the hero of some of our latest Commando raids, Major Lord Lovat, who was having a few hours off and staying with the Hon. George Lambton and his family.

Transport was, as usual, very limited, and I saw Peter Miller Mundy and Henry Cecil arrive and leave the course in a small pony cart! It must be a long time since this form of conveyance was used for attending Newmarket races.

Speech Day

THE House of Commons was, of course, very crowded when the Prime Minister spoke: among the best-looking of his listeners were Mrs. Winston Churchill, her beautifully waved white hair as usual decorated with a chenille spotted bandeau, and Miss Mary Churchill. Mr. Winant's place was empty, but young



Lenore

The Hon. Anne Curzon

The Hon. Anne Mildred Curzon has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter James Latimer Willson, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Sir Walter and Lady Willson, of Kenward, Tonbridge. She is the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, of Kedleston, Derby

Mr. Dorsey Gasaway Fisher, U.S. Second Secretary, was there, no doubt able to report to his master what Mr. Maisky and Baron Cartier de Marchiennes were present to hear for themselves.

Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Amery wore coloured soft collars, but the Prime Minister clung closer to tradition in a semi-stiff white one. Sir John Anderson, "that old warhorse" as his leader once described him, and Sir Archibald Sinclair were in the full fig of old-fashioned, high, winged starched collars. Mr. Robert, Bernays, lately Minister of the Crown, has stepped down to humble battle-dress; Lady Astor was in her perennial black and white, looking perennially young; Captain Pluge has given up his orchid. But Mr. Churchill still wears one black button on the left shoulder of his coat for the now-abandoned gas mask—might this become another useless men's fashion touch? No more useless, after all, than cuff buttons, which must originally have had some such justification as tight sleeves.



A Naval Occasion in London

The marriage took place at the Savoy Chapel on September 10th of Paymaster Lieut. Francis Charles Sackville Tufton, R.N.V.R., youngest son of the late Hon. Charles Tufton and the Hon. Mrs. Tufton, of Church Farm House, Clothall, Herts., and Miss Joyce Goschen, younger daughter of the late Sir Edward Goschen and Lady Goschen, of Trottscliffe House, West Malling, Kent. The four small pages wore sailor suits



A Country Wedding for Lord Guilford's Son

Flight Lieut. the Hon. Charles Evelyn North, R.A.F.V.R., youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Guilford, was married on September 12th at Gillingham Parish Church to Miss Maureen O'Callaghan Baldwin. Above are Lord and Lady Guilford, the bride and bridegroom, Miss Barbara Coleman, and the bride's parents, Major and Mrs. F. C. B. Baldwin, of Malmo Park Avenue, Gillingham, Kent



Hay Wrightson

Miss Hazel Charlotte Smith

The youngest daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C. the London District, and of the Hon. Lady Smith, of Pirbright, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Peter Gordon Rowley, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gordon Rowley, of Sourabaya, Java

Pictures for the Red Cross

AT 15, Old Bond Street there is an interesting exhibition of pictures, which are to be auctioned at Christie's on October 9th in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. The Princess Royal is President of the Red Cross Sales, of which Sir Courtauld Thomson is chairman, and Lady Willington, vice-chairman.

The picture committee, who attended the opening of the exhibition, are Mr. Jasper Ridley, O.B.E., T.D., chairman, Mr. Colin Agnew, Mr. Oliver Brown, Sir Alec Martin and Lord Methuen.

Various people, in many cases the artists themselves, have contributed the pictures, which are a really-worth-having collection. From Lady Patricia Ramsay comes a charming work of her own, "Greenhouse Plants"; there are several Johns, including "Cyclamen" which he has sent himself; Olive Snell has sent "Camelias," and among the Sickerts is one presented by the Redfern Gallery called "The Doctor," which is executed in gruesome

bile-coloured paint, all too reminiscent of sick beds; Leslie Hurry has sent one of his own drawings, the central theme of which seems to be someone with an inside like the inside of a clock; Lord Methuen sends his own charming version of "Cheyne Walk—Chelsea"; Sir Kenneth Clark contributes a Picasso drawing, "The Three Graces"; from Lord Cranborne there is a Bakst, "Study for Joseph"; Mr. Peter Watson and Captain Edward Molyneux have both produced Duncan Grants; "The Singing Sailor" by (and from) J. B. Yeats, is specially good; Miss Dalglish sends a gouache by Epstein, "Epping Forest"; Dame Laura Knight, Matisse, Matthew Smith, Renoir, Orovida, Henry Lamb, and many more, are represented among 177 exhibits well worth seeing—and buying.

Amateur Rider Married

ONE of the quietest weddings to take place recently was that of Captain Peter Herbert, in the Life Guards, to Mrs. Eileen Holmes. They were married at Caxton Hall, and then went on to lunch at the Ritz, accompanied only by a very old friend who had witnessed the marriage. There was no special "wedding lunch," just the usual "austerity" lunch for the three of them! Captain Herbert will be remembered as one of our finest amateur steeplechase riders in happier times, and one of the few people to have broken their neck and survived! This he did with a fall chasing in 1937. After lying in plaster of Paris for several weeks he went about wearing a very uncomfortable-looking high aluminium and leather collar, but in spite of all this he was back winning races the following season. Amongst the many races Captain Herbert won was the Foxhunters' Chase at Liverpool, the "Blue Riband" of steeplechasing for amateur riders. The bride, who is also very well known racing, is the only daughter of the late General Sir Edward Bulfin and Lady Bulfin, and since the outbreak of war has worked in a department of the War Office.

In Town

OTHERS lunching at the Ritz that day were King Haakon of Norway in naval uniform, and Lord and Lady Astor came in late with Mr. Anthony Eden for a hurried lunch. They had all come straight from the House of Commons. Sir Richard Sykes was accompanied by his pretty red-haired fiancée, Virginia Gilliat, who was hatless. In pre-war days

(Concluded on page 408)



At a Bond Street Exhibition

Lady Methuen and Mrs. Philip Hill were discussing the merits of one of the pictures to be sold at Christie's next month in aid of the Red Cross. Mrs. Hill is chairman of the Red Cross Sales committee



Pictures for the Red Cross

Miss Lillian Brouse was talking to Lord Methuen at the Red Cross exhibition of pictures in Bond Street. Lord Methuen, eldest son of the late Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, is a Trustee of the National Gallery and of the Tate Gallery



A Christening in Berkshire

The baby daughter of Captain and Mrs. Michael Stewart was given the names of Carolyn Mary at her christening at St. Peter's, Cranbourne, Berks. In the picture are Miss Penelope Colt, the Hon. Patricia White (godmothers), Captain and Mrs. Michael Stewart and the baby, Mrs. Ronald Wallace (proxy for her husband, one of the godfathers) and Miss Lillian Gurney (godmother)



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Hundred-Thousandth Parcel

The Countess of Minto packed the 100,000th parcel to be despatched by the Scottish Red Cross Prisoners-of-War packing centre, of which she is president. This picture, taken at Wilton Church Hall, Hawick, shows Mrs. Stanyer, Lord Minto, Lady Minto (holding the parcel), Mrs. Scott, Lady Delamere and Mr. Wilson, Hon. Secretary



(1) Life in the W.A.A.F. brings Cockney Violet Worthing (Queenie Leonard) and the girl who belongs to the upper classes, Prudence Cathaway (Joan Fontaine), together. Violet initiates Prue into the mystery and excitement of "blind" dates



(2) Prue's blind date turns out to be Clive Briggs (Tyrone Power). He says he is in the Army, but prefers to wear civilian clothes on leave. Mutually attracted, Prue and Clive meet whenever possible

"This Above All"

The Dramatic Story of Life in Britain Under the Stress of War is Told in the Film

Version of Eric Knight's Best-Seller

Darryl F. Zanuck, the man who made *How Green Was My Valley*, has collected a brilliant cast, which includes Nigel Bruce, Gladys Cooper, Philip Merivale, Sara Allgood and Jill Esmond, for the filming of Eric Knight's war novel. Starring are Joan Fontaine and Tyrone Power. The final tragedy of the book, in which Clive dies as a result of enemy action before his marriage to Prue, has been softened for British film audiences. Here Clive, still with a chance of recovery, is married to Prue in hospital, and although the final scene leaves us in doubt as to his death or survival, we are not deprived entirely of hope of a life spent happily ever after



(3) When Prue gets her first leave, she and Clive decide to spend a week together near the sea. While travelling, Prue changes into a dress. It is the first time Clive has seen her out of uniform. "You're very beautiful," he says



(4) There is some mystery about Clive and his reasons for not being in military uniform. In the middle of the night, Prue hears him calling in his sleep. "It's no good! Come on! You don't want to die here!" When she wakes him, he refuses to explain



(5) Prue learns that Clive is a deserter. She also learns of his heroism in the British retreat. She begs him to return to his regiment; but Clive prefers to roam the countryside when he returns to camp. One night he is attacked by a farm hand who believes him to be a Nazi spy



(6) Injured in his fight for freedom, Clive is treated by a nurse (Jill Esmond) who, although she suspects he is a fugitive, gives him time to get away.



(7) Tired at last of being hounded from place to place, Clive decides to give himself up. He phones Prue to meet him in London. Waiting for her, a heavy raid develops and, in saving others, Clive is himself seriously injured in the head.



(8) (Right) Prue finds Clive in hospital, and confides the story of her love to her father, an eminent brain specialist (Philip Merivale). He examines Clive, and decides to operate.



(9) Although Clive has only a bare chance of recovery, a minister is called to the hospital, and Clive and Prue are married. All that night Prue watches by the bedside of her husband while another enemy attack hurls death and destruction from the skies.



(10) When morning comes, Prue, uncertain whether her husband will live or die, walks among the ruins. A Cockney fireman (Andy Clyde) gives her courage: "We are going to win this war; we're going to see a better England because most of us didn't give up. So don't you give up either, Ma'am"

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FINDING ourselves to be bestially ignorant of the meaning of the word *francisque* in a recent Vichy news-item, we consulted a dictionary, as is our humble custom. Certain of the proud Fleet Street boys preferred to take a pot-shot, thereby producing a pleasing evening-paper story about the Franciscan Order being forced to swear allegiance to Marshal Pétain.

It seems the *francisque* is a Gaulish battle-axe—the symbol, in Vichy's pathetic new attempt to imitate the pomp of Fascismo, of the might of Vercingetorix, Chief of the Avern, who fought the Romans at Gergovie near Clermont-Ferrand. Dimly aware, from memories of nursery coloured-picture books, that Vercingetorix's main feature was a pair of sweeping, huge, intolerable ox-horn mustachios *à la* Budenny, we doubt very much if this dim but hairy champion, reminding Frenchmen of their infancy, could ever begin to oust the Cross of Lorraine. It's like trying to excite the Island Race over their national heroes Hengist and Horsa. Salmon and Gluckstein would stand a better chance.

Afterthought

CHARLEMAGNE would surely be the better choice, if Vichy must go way back? There's epic majesty after all in the vision of Charlemagne, with his terrible eyes and his flying white beard and his great sword Joyeuse, thundering through the passes of the High Pyrenees on his *destrier* Tencendor. Moreover, it would afford our Late Night Final boys a nice front-page "splash":

AMAZING NEW VICHY
SENSATION DRAMA.

MYSTERY ENGLISHMAN
CLAIMED BY PÉTAIN AS
NATIONAL HERO.

WHO IS CHARLIE MAYNE?

Chum

WASPS have been infesting Arcadia in large numbers (we know a chap incidentally who was stung in one day by a blonde actress, remorse, a wasp, a harsh retort, and a firm of solicitors; a quintuple event, very rare). In Kent, where a vast plum crop was recently announced, comments in the local *patois* must be appalling, for if no smooth shiny urban skins are available your wasp will take a sock at the horny rustic epidermis with equal zing.

Like bookish girls, whom they greatly resemble, except for their brilliancy of appearance and usefulness, wasps are, fortunately, easily fooled.

A jamjar with an inch or two of some sweet sticky liquid and a lid with a small hole in it are all you need for wasps, just as all you need for bookish girls is the promise of half-an-inch of publicity in a gossip-column. We once caught three queen-wasps of the P.E.N. Club at one party by pretending to be a buddy of the Marquess of Donegall, which God knows is not our privilege. Did those babies buzz!

Kelticismus

IT'S crosseyed and heartscalded we are at this moment, trying to keep a straight face over the Pan-Celtic "get-together" stuff in which Auntie Times indulged the other day apropos a parade of exiled Bretons in Penzance in national costume. For our fervent, faëry old Celtic blood tells us that despite the tralala and the clichés the Bretons and the Cornish have about as much in common as Greeks and Chinese.

Eminent Celtic scholars like the Bretons Le Braz and Le Goffic are very nice in their works about those one-time Pan-Celtic Jamborees, but we doubt if they took them



seriously, knowing what major issues divide the Celtic race. Our own suggestion for breaking the ice, proposed to the Gorsedd in 1925 and rejected with passion, was that the Archdruid of Wales, instead of sheathing that whacking great Sword of Peace after flourishing it, should suddenly lay about him like a ramping devil and massacre every green-nightshirted Druid within reach. Luncheon would then be served, and amid general amusement Bretons and Manx, Irish,

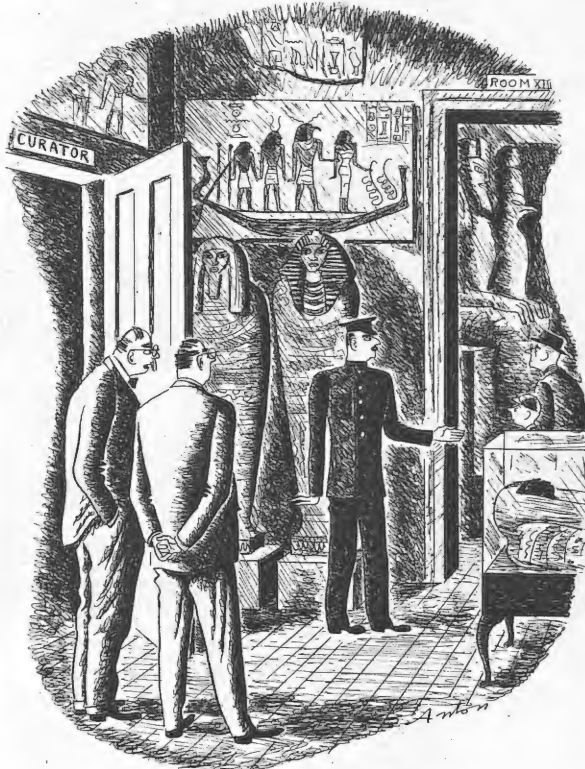
Welsh, and Cornish could mingle together in harmony.

Alternatively, we suggested once more enlivening those bogus Gorsedd gambols with a real Druid ceremony, involving human sacrifice. This was also turned down by the sissy Druid element, and we've no further interest in the business.

Misconceptions

FOR posing as a niece of Sir Seymour Hicks a citizeness has been awarded with twelve months in the cooler, which shows that not everybody can pose as a niece of Sir Seymour Hicks and get away with it. You need to begin with a certain wit and sparkle derived from Uncle's conversation at breakfast.

This racket is a pretty arduous one. Before the war, when anxious mothers asked us (they frequently used to) if we thought darling Babs could make a career by posing in Society as the niece of James ("Boss") Agate, our first question was: "Has darling Babs the brains and application to undertake the enormous preliminary reading necessary, for which she would have first to gain access to the jealously-guarded Agate library by passing herself off as Sarah Bernhardt?" As darling Babs was obviously a fluffy little cretin who couldn't digest one single folio of Press-cuttings about the Boss, let alone 500 volumes bound in rich calf, pigskin, (Concluded on page 398)



"I think it's time we changed Higgins over to another department"



Sennowe Park, Norfolk

Country Life in Norfolk

Sir Thomas and Lady Cook With Their Children at Sennowe Park

Sir Thomas Cook, the Conservative M.P. for North Norfolk, and his wife have one son and two daughters, and live with their family at Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk. Sir Thomas is liaison officer to the Allied Forces at the War Office. He recently arranged an agricultural tour of Norfolk for representatives of nine Allied nations. Lady Cook is county president for the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



The Boathouse in the Park



(Above) Sir Thomas and Lady Cook at the front door. Lady Cook, formerly Miss Gweneth Evan Jones, was for sixteen years Joint-Master of the North Norfolk Hunt



Lady Cook, with her three children, Geraldine, Rosemary and Thomas, takes two of the ponies for an outing in the park

Standing By ...

(Continued)

parchment, and crushed Levant morocco, this settled it. However, one of these aspirants later carved a career for herself in Society by imitating roaring lions with a lamp-glass at parties, so her talent was not wasted.

Racket

LA! In a recent divorce case it was alleged that everything was "arranged" by a lady who discreetly took a fee for it, which is a pleasing reminder that the 18th century *intrigante* is still doing business at the old stand.

In English comedy she is generally called "Mrs. Engine," a bustling abigail who carries the heat and burden of the main intrigue and double-crosses one and all. In French and Italian comedy she is generally a Neapolitan, the smiling, cynical citizens of Naples being then skilled in what the French Army used to call *Système D*, or the Big-Time Wangle (there are two professional Neapolitan wangles, you recollect, mixed up in the delicious hurlyburly of *Der Rosenkavalier*). Whatever happened the *intrigante* got her rake-off from both sides, among other pickings, and retired with a genteel curtsy. It would seem still to be a racket enabling an honest gentlewoman to keep Willie at Eton, though nowadays it seems more concerned, naturally, with engineering divorces than marriages.

Stand

OUR Mayfair spies report that the professional *intrigante* has had a raw deal for some time in the marriage-racket, too many dowager-amateurs having muscled in and pouched the fees. That's one reason we refuse to sell out this page to rich

women, our sympathetic feeling being that we pariahs of the social underworld must stick together.

Legend

COMPLAINTS by a sharp-nosed chap recently about the way taxicab-drivers waste petrol in London (apparently just a City of Screaming Tyres, like Matthew Arnold's Oxford) have evoked as yet no crisp riposte, repartee, or come-back from the taxi-rank. The Machine Age is to blame, probably. The old-time London cabby, by all accounts, would have pulverised everybody in one single shattering crack.

And yet . . . we often wonder if old boulevardiers are dreamers or liars when they extol the back-chat of that vanished cabby. Possibly once in ten years they heard a good story about him at the Club, and so the legend spread. Maybe the same goes for the famous Viennese cabbies of the 1860's, who were so notable that Strauss wrote his *Fiakre-Waltzer* round the songs they sang so hoarsely, and star Viennese comedians featured them on the operetta-stage. Five witty cabbies in 5000 are sufficient to found a universal legend on, after all, and the same applies no doubt to the beauty of the citizenesses of Dublin, New York, Leicester, and all the 500 other towns which boast the most comely citizenesses in the world.

Echo

MANY Home Guard platoon-commanders wrestling with recent conscripted drafts must have wondered vaguely why it all seemed so familiar. We've managed at



"I don't like caviare, but I feel I ought to eat it for Russia's sake"

last to discover why—it's all in *King Henry IV.*, Part II., Act III., Sc. IV., where Falstaff enrols precisely the same characters, Master Feeble the woman's tailor and Peter Bullcalf of the Green especially. Listen:

BULL: O, lord, sir! I am a diseased man.
FAL: What disease hast thou?

BULL: A whoreson cold, sir—a cough, sir—which I caught ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

FAL: Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is all here?

Believe us or not, but Peter Bullcalf, cough and all, is dodging the draft at this moment, being engaged by the King's grace in harvesting, but not much longer.

Enigma

A CHAP complaining in the papers that out-of-date mailing-lists (what the Americans call sucker-lists) are "a prolific source of wasted paper" seemed to us to be beating the air.

In our own case most sucker-list literature passes straight in its wrapper from the post-man's hand into the waste-paper basket and thence to the salvage-bin, almost in one single harmonious movement. It may take a little more time to get to the pulping-machine than if it were fed directly into it, but it gets there, so where is the waste? Perhaps there are maiden ladies who cannot bear to part with the circulars, and hoard or even eat them when finally studied. This is certainly retarding the war-effort and should be dealt with.

We asked an economist about this and got the usual twitter of jargon, endless and incomprehensible. There is a useful formula for stopping rogue-economists in full song which you may not know. Putting on an expression of arduous concentration you say, "Yes, yes, I see, but, given that it is common knowledge in economic circles that your wife is now unfaithful to you almost daily, Mr. So-and-So, how does Ricardo's theory," etc., etc.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



PAT ALDER

"You in the rear rank—who told you to start a second front?"



Fred Daniels

Blimp in Middle Age in The Days of World War 1

Roger Livesey has the most important role of his career in *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, a Technicolor film now in course of production at Denham under the direction of Michael Powell, which will be seen by the public towards the end of the year. Starring with Livesey in this film is Anton Walbrook, who plays the German counterpart of Blimp, the whole picture being a contrast of ideas between the British and Prussian methods of militarism. Michael Powell, who is producing, as well as directing, the film, says: "*Blimp* is the most ambitious film yet made in this country. It is a study of the English character with its virtues and failings against a background of the past forty years. As Clive Wynne-Candy, V.C., Livesey gives a magnificent performance and one which, in my opinion, will entitle him to a place amongst the greatest character actors in the world."

Policeman's Holiday

Constable John Pygram (Ballet Dancer) and His Partner, Mariella, Entertain the Military Police

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Can-Can : Pygram and Mariella



Tyrolean Pas-de-Deux

To be a successful ballet dancer, and be a run a dancing school, and be a policeman at the same time requires an unusual combination of talent. Yet that is what Constable John Pygram, of the War Department Police, is doing. John Pygram is a ballet dancer by profession, and at the moment, released from his police duties by special permission, he is appearing with the International Ballet Company at His Majesty's. In the new Twelfth Night ballet he appears as Sir Toby Belch. His dancing school is at St. Albans. These pictures were taken when he and his partner Mariella were asked by Garrison Sergeant-Major Courtney, of the Coldstreams (senior Sergeant-Major of the British Army), to give a special exhibition of their skill in the Sergeants' Mess of the Military Police. The Can-Can is a special favourite of the police force



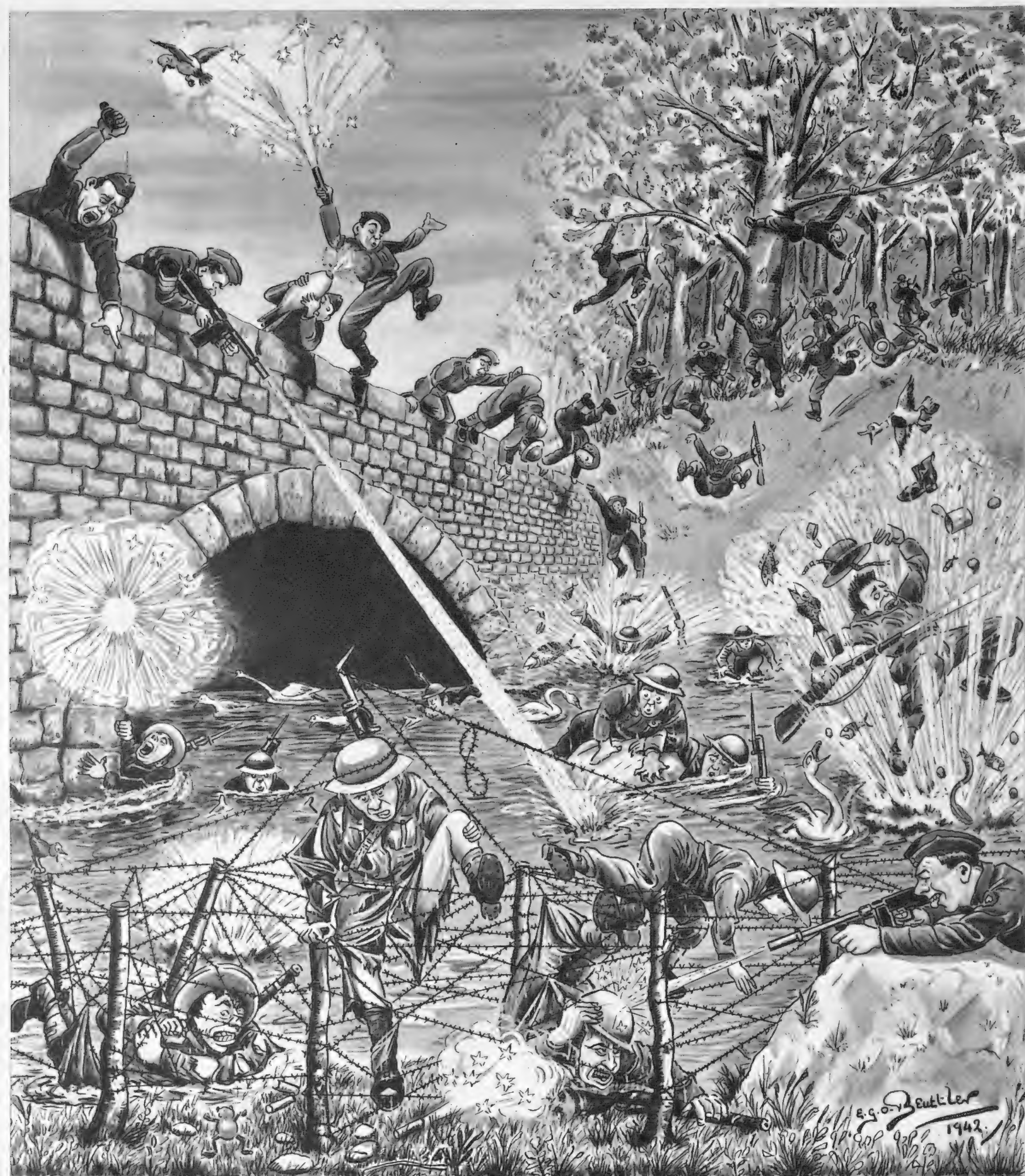
"The Dance of the Devil"

Dagmar, in New York, Dances
Marguerite to a Mephistopheles Who
Isn't Quite the Devil He Looks

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



The Dance of the Devil is the newest sensation of New York night-life. The dancer is Dagmar, who is appearing at the Old Roumanian Restaurant. Based on the famous story of *Faust*, the dance exemplifies the wooing and final capitulation of the beautiful Marguerite. Dagmar has designed such an ingenious costume for her dance that many of her audience find it hard to believe that both Marguerite and Mephistopheles are the same person. She performs both parts simultaneously, retelling the story of the first meeting of Mephistopheles and Marguerite, the ardent wooing, the bribery, the last desperate effort to fight off the devil, and, finally, after a passionate dance of victory, the ultimate sublimation of Marguerite's will



Battle School

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

"After you, Claude" and "Is your journey really necessary?" are the two slogans to be sternly ignored by students at any properly conducted Battle School, for at these delightful institutions disciples are taught that no obstacle, however large, and no diversion, however unpleasant, must interfere with their progress. You've got to be tough, and you've got to go through it. Officers, from majors downwards, join up in the ranks with N.C.O.s, and a good time is had by all. It nearly kills them at first, but after a few days they take a proper pride in their powers of endurance, and cuts, bumps and bruises are mere nothings compared with barbed wire, live ammunition and exploding mines. The courses last three weeks, and the "intensive training" is certainly intensive. A nice life if you don't weaken

The First of the Many: the Original Eagle Squadron. Portraits by Olive Snell

"Strick"

Flying Officer Harold Strickland, from Detroit, one of the oldest fighter pilots in the R.A.F., which he joined in June 1941, has since been with the first Eagle Squadron. Before the war he was District Flight Supervisor to the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Indianapolis, when he flew over 3000 "piloting" hours

"Tommy"

Flying Officer Tom J. ("Bird-legs") Andrews comes from Costa Mesa, California, where he was interested in aircraft designing. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941 because he "was bored and wanted some excitement." He has been on more than fifty major offensive operations with the first Eagle Squadron over enemy-occupied territory

"Oscar"

Flight Lieutenant Oscar Coen, D.F.C., from Murphysboro, wanted to be "in the scrap," so he joined the first Eagle Squadron in February 1941, since when he has taken part in over seventy offensive operations, destroying several enemy aircraft and a fully laden ammunition train. He was previously a schoolmaster

"Jerco"

Pilot Officer James A. Gray came straight from college to join the R.A.F., completing his training in California. He is from San Francisco, and has seen all his service with the first Eagle Squadron. He has been on many sorties over enemy-occupied territory, as well as in combined operations

"Pete"

Squadron Leader Chesley Gordon Peterson, D.F.C., D.S.O., from Utah, is one of the original members of the first Eagle Squadron, and formerly its C.O. During over 100 operations, he has destroyed five enemy aircraft, and has five "probables" and many damaged to his credit. His wife is Audrey Boyes, the South African film actress

"Gus"

Flight Lieutenant Gregory A. Daymond, D.F.C. and Bar, previously a well-known Hollywood set-dresser, and former "deep in the heart of Texas," is another original member of the first Eagle Squadron, which he now commands. He has accounted for seven enemy aircraft in the course of very many offensive actions in the air

"Lulu"

Pilot Officer Walter Hollander was born in Hankow, China, but his home is Honolulu. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941, and has been with the first Eagle Squadron ever since, and has taken part in many offensive sweeps over enemy-occupied territory

"Stan"

Pilot Officer Stanley Anderson, formerly an aircraft engineer, comes from Indianapolis, and joined the R.C.A.F. in April 1941, becoming a member of the first Eagle Squadron on completing his training. He has been in many offensive operations, and, in his own words, "enjoyed himself over Dieppe"

"Morgue"

Pilot Officer "Bru" Morgan, born in Hawaii, is the son of a well-known doctor. He and his schoolfellow, "Lulu" Hollander, made up their minds to join the R.A.F. "by hook or by crook." Since 1942 he has been on many operations with the first Eagle Squadron



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Royal Procession

IT is now as certain as anything under the stars can be certain that, if Sun Chariot had been pulled out again after her win in the Oaks on June 12th, to run in the Derby on the 13th, we should now be able to felicitate his Majesty upon a procession of five, instead of only four wins in the Classic races of 1942. Afterthought has told us this in quite unequivocal language. Hyperides provides collateral testimony. In the Oaks, Sun Chariot must have given Afterthought anything from five to six lengths start; she won by a length, which could have been much more if she had felt like it. Put this into pounds, at 3 lb. to the length if all-out, and see to what it adds up. Then Afterthought wins the 24-miles Jockey Club Cup, beating a very good four-year-old, Bakhtawar, a short head and a head, High Table, a three-year-old colt, intervening. It is true that the winner was getting 16 lb. from Bakhtawar, but it was a sterling performance none the less, and put the seal upon Afterthought's running in the Gold Cup, in which she finished a creditable second to last year's Derby winner, Owen Tudor, and had behind her, amongst others, a well-performed four-year-old like Mazarin. So the statement that Afterthought told us a good deal more about Sun Chariot than even we knew is well justified. His Majesty's trainer and Turf advisers were no doubt quite right in not believing that it was good tactics to ask Sun Chariot for another effort so soon after her win in the Oaks, for at that time she was not exactly placid, and another heavy demand on her energies might have soured her. We know now, however, that she would have beaten Watling Street in the Derby. She had him absolutely stone-cold in the Leger, and won as she liked by three lengths, with Hyperides, who has manifestly trained off, another five lengths away. I have always believed that it was Harry Wragg, and not Watling Street, who won this year's Derby.

Great Ladies

EVEN though Sun Chariot has not put the Derby to her credit, she will go down in Turf history as one of the great ones of her

sex, entitled to rank close behind Sceptre, who won four of the five Classics, the Derby only evading her, and Pretty Polly, who won three, the One Thousand, the Oaks and the Leger. The mares that have won both the Derby and the Oaks are a very select band: Eleanor in 1801; Blink Bonny in 1857; and Signorinetta in 1908. Sun Chariot, however, has a grand record to take to the seraglio with her. As is not infrequent before every big event, there were many "hares" afoot before the St. Leger. One was to the effect that Sun Chariot would be scratched because of the Court Mourning for H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. It is as well to point out, however, that His Majesty has only leased this filly and Big Game from the National Stud, and that therefore they are actually the property of "John Citizen"; that the royal lessee would be the last person to want anyone to lose money, or to risk the loss in value at the stud which a Leger victory naturally confers upon any animal. It is regrettable that the horses which have so gallantly carried the royal jacket this season are not home-bred and owned, as were the Derby winners Persimmon in 1896 and Diamond Jubilee in 1900. They were both Sandringham-bred, and were own brothers by St. Simon out of Perdita II., who, like her husband, traced her lineage straight back to the great tap-root Blacklock, thus providing the leading case of judicious in-breeding. Minoru, who won in 1909 the third Derby for the same royal owner, the late King Edward VII., was only leased, exactly as are Sun Chariot and Big Game.

No Jumping

THE Government notification to the Stewards of the N.H. Committee that they are unable to sanction any racing under their rules this winter hardly came as a surprise, because it had been long foreshadowed. I opine that most people know the reason. Everything in time of war must be subordinated to military needs, and the racing world, as well as all other denominations of sportsmen, rank second to none where patriotism is concerned. Financial hardship, of course, is entailed; and there is also another loss—relaxation for a nation in



Poo'le, Dublin

An Irish Engagement

Mr. Edward Patrick Purcell is engaged to Miss Mildred Esme Ashenhurst, the former Irish swimming champion, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ashenhurst, of Corners, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Purcell, of Loughmoe, Dalkey, Co. Dublin

arms. But these are very grim times, and no one for one moment would seek to hamper the national effort by so much as a word of complaint. The true sportsman is a philosopher, and he makes no moan when he is asked to take the rough with the smooth.

In a rattling gallop with horse and hound
You may chance to reverse the medal
On the sward, with the saddle your loins across,
And your hunter's loins on the saddle.

Adam Lindsay Gordon knew what he was talking about when he wrote those lines, and also when he said that "the football meadow is rife with spills if you feel disposed for a cropper"; but these things are taken as all in the game, and those who do not let them cause dismay "as a pattern can stand before us."

The Jealous "Germ"

ONE of the main causes of German hatred of us in particular, and most people in general, has always been that jealousy which is ingrained in all those who suffer from that distressing complaint called the inferiority complex. The German cannot take a hiding gracefully, and whenever it is forced upon him, he squeals. Here is a little yarn of a personal experience which I think is rather illuminating.



Looking calm and collected before one of the events, young competitors in the Gymkhana waited their turn to enter the ring. The Gymkhana was held at Great Westwood, King's Langley, and proceeds were given to the Hertfordshire branch of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation



In Aid of the Red Cross and St. John: The Mounted Children competing at the Gymkhana were able to show their skill in the driving contests, as well as in the saddle. Here is little Josephine Garratt, the ten-year-old winner in her class, with Joey, her pony



The Bank of England Cricket Eleven was Beaten by the Royal Naval Air Station

D. R. Stuart

The Bank of England XI have beaten Bradford, drawn with Marlborough and lost to Winchester, and were losers in their recent match against The Royal Naval Air Station. Sitting: C. A. Norton, A. W. Kendall, G. B. Griffin, A. F. Gilbert (captain), L. K. Coomber, H. L. Chadder, E. W. Geipel. Standing: W. H. Pound, J. H. Smart, A. F. K. Pearson, A. J. Parker, A. J. Burt, A. W. Glead (umpire).

Lord Tennyson captained the Royal Naval Air Station's XI when they beat the Bank of England, and made 33 not out. The team has been playing all the season on Saturdays and Sundays, and have won eight matches, losing five. Sitting: P. O. Saul, Sub-Lt. Laurence (N.Z.), Capt. Gornall, Maj. Lord Tennyson, Sub-Lt. Wilson, Sub-Lt. McQueen. Standing: Flt-Lt. McLardie (umpire), A. B. Forrester, A. C. Eastwood, N. A. Townsend, N. A. Buckland, L. A. Haywood, C. S. Lainsbury.

Many years ago, when I was young and very spry, I bumped into a Prussian horse-soldier who thought he could ride, and had the ambition to shine as a gentleman jockey between the flags. He never had a hope of achieving either half of this ambition. As to equitation, he had been started wrong, was as stiff as a poker, with, naturally, no hands at all; but he was quite brave, or, at any rate, too conceited to show that he was not. At that time, I just rode for anyone and on anything, because I liked the fun, and it was such good practice. This Rittmeister owned two fairish horses, plus a few others, and he wanted to have a real good go over obstacles, with the weights up, to find out which of the two good ones he had better back in a forthcoming contest. He asked me to ride the second best in this trial, and to win if I could. There were about two others put into this gallop just to jolly things up, but they did not last long. About three-quarters of the way over, I knew that the one I was riding could win—so did the Hog! Well, believe it or not, this made him so angry that twice he tried to knock me over, and me on his own horse, mark you! Getting a bit tired of his rough-house methods, I thought he had asked for it, and being on the fresher and better one, I had room for manœuvre, as you might say, so I procured

for him that which he thoroughly deserved. I've always regretted that the only damage he sustained was a rather badly-cut nose. When he came back to the stands I told him exactly what I thought of him, and that he could take himself and his horses to the only appropriate place. As a matter of fact, I was much more hurt than he was, because I collected a badly-swollen knee.

A Great Record of the Sea

THE name Macpherson, with Arthur George in front of it, is one that will always stand for one of the most wonderful collections of maritime prints ever known. The Macpherson Collection is now in the Museum at Greenwich, which I think is much too far off, and when this war is over, I suggest that some resting-place in the heart of London should be found for it, since, its artistic value quite apart, it is an education to anyone in the sea history of not only his native land. Arthur George himself was a walking encyclopædia of naval knowledge, and it was of that extraordinary kind which includes a memory for dates. Detail is never quite so difficult to store up, but instantaneous accuracy where dates are concerned is a talent given to few. In himself, Arthur George was just a very lovable boy. He never

grew up; he was that sort of person. He lived in the days of the Great Harry, the Golden Hind and Drake, of Frobisher, Van Tromp, De Ruyter; of Nelson, Collingwood, St. Vincent; and he sailed the seas of the wide world in something a lot smaller than the vessel used by the grand old pirate of Elizabethan days, of whom, peradventure, he was a reincarnation. Why his many adventures ended without mishap I just do not know, but this surely is his due: a pedestal all his own as a wonderful navigator and seaman, and one who has done his country much service by jogging her elbow and reminding her of the great tradition of the sea which is hers. Sir William Macpherson, Arthur George's father, was a judge of the Calcutta High Court, and was affectionately called "The Crusher," because, like his son, he was a very big man. He was for many years senior Steward of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club—not the Yacht Club, as stated in one newspaper, for Calcutta is not on the sea and never had a Yacht Club. Arthur George was also, later on, a Steward of the R.C.T.C., and a very hard-working one at that. He was never much of a performer on a horse, but I remember he owned a "race-horse" named Billy Boy. He was one of those that go straight up in the air and come down on all-fours in practically the same spot.



Gymkhana held by the Old Berkeley Branch of the Pony Club

Mary Bennett entered her pony, June, in the jumping competitions at Great Westwood, the home of Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, joint-Master of the Old Berkeley Hunt.

Molly is the name of young Richard Webber's pony. They won the Novices' Jumping Class at the Pony Club Gymkhana, at Great Westwood, and cleared this obstacle with ease.

Miss Joan Neal, Miss Anne Campbell and a friend watched other people's performances from the ringside. Their ponies were less interested.

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Youth on the Ranch

MRS. AGNES MORLEY CLEVELAND'S *No Life for a Lady*, having achieved a wide success in America, now makes its bow here (published by Michael Joseph, at 15s.). Lively pen-drawings of broncos, cattle, cow-boys, Western small-town main streets with saloons, snakes, shacks, lassos, bridges, horse-men, grizzlies and rabbits, and other fauna, head and tail every chapter and break the paragraphs up. In the main, I am not in favour of illustrations, but in this case the artist, Mr. Edward Borein, seems to be hand-in-glove, in outlook, with Mrs. Morley Cleveland, and his work goes far to give point to hers. The production of *No Life for a Lady* is, in fact, very pleasing—the coach on the dust-cover, with its straining team of horses, the silver sketch stamped on the red binding and the useful map end-papers should all do much to set the book on its way.

It's a good book—"gallant, authentic saga of a girl who grew up on horseback when men were he-men," one American critic calls it, and that fairly sums it up. Mrs. Morley Cleveland had, by her own accounts, little time for girlishness, the silver sketch stamped on the red binding and the useful map end-papers should all do much to set the book on its way. The chronology of her story is rather vague, but she appears to shoot from a bustling and boyish girl-child into calm, masterful womanhood in the course of a chapter. Her autobiography—for such she has, strictly, written—is of a most objective and impersonal kind. Her emotional reticence is extreme—she writes about any human relationship with the terseness of an up-and-doing masculine character. Action interests her very much more than feeling—never were memories less lush. So there is something airy and bracing about her manner. Her clipped style, with its occasional exclamations, is almost dauntingly self-contained.

Of action there is as much as you like. More than fifty years ago, when Agnes was just eleven, the Morley family moved, from the comparative civilisation of the railroad town of Cimarron, to a ranch in the wildest part of New Mexico. The Morley children were Agnes, her brother Ray and her six-year-old sister Lora. Their father, a successful railroad engineer, had died of a gun-accident, leaving "Mother"—a distracted, hyper-feminine beauty, highly unpractical—only too well off, a mark for the fortune-hunter. Mother's successful suitor combined Southern charm with a golden tongue; he persuaded her to invest her fortune in a New Mexican ranch. So the trustful lady, her second husband and her high-spirited offspring said good-bye to the Cimarron home, with its four pianos, and resolutely trekked into the unknown. The children greeted the mountain range with a shout, each one appropriating its private peak. Mother's morale was, by the end of the trek, at zero: the arrival at the two-roomed shack, with the rusty stove-pipe, must have been a black moment for her. In time, a log

mansion of an almost complete whiteness superseded the shack, and Mother no doubt felt better. But her second marriage was not to last long: the Southern charmer deserted, having found ranch life not everything that he had been led to hope.

So the handsome young matron and her three children found themselves, as Mrs. Morley Cleveland describes it, "a fatherless Swiss Family Robinson." Their boats were burned; their money was sunk in the ranch, so they must now contend with the ranch, or die. Happily, the three young Morleys, with Agnes and Ray keen rivals, took to ranch life like ducks to water. They were fortunate in their pioneer neighbours, and still more fortunate in their hired men. Even visiting outlaws turned up trumps—in particular the one with the highish price on his head, who remained for a dangerous half-hour to play the piano—for pianos appeared to have followed Mother as swallows follow the sun. One unpleasant alarm of Indians made the Morleys fly to the local centre—where young Agnes, uncomfortably dosed down on a floor, heard through a thin partition a staunch old cowboy guarantee to shoot her if the worst should come to the worst. . . . However, the Indians did not come that way.

The Morley children lived just that life of which other children dream. They were seldom off horses. They were free to use their initiative. Almost every day brought surprises—some good, some bad. They grew up among cowboys; they were au fait with ranch affairs. In these affairs they played far from minor parts. Agnes and Ray appeared to have realised early that, in several ways, they were older, and tougher,



Yvonne Gregory

Madame Claude Serreulles

The wife of Capitaine Claude Serreulles, private secretary to General de Gaulle, escaped from France in 1940 and now works at the Fighting French headquarters in London, editing an information bulletin. She is the daughter of M. Robert Raynaud, of Moulins-de-la-Roche, and sister-in-law of M. Hervé Alphonse, the French National Committee's post-war reconstruction expert

than Mother. Lora, it seems to me, did not have quite such a good time; she was on the feminine side for the ranch atmosphere, and the two elder ones rather pushed her around.

Mrs. Morley Cleveland writes about New Mexican ranch life in all its first savage fresh-

ness—before the movie-men got there. A good life—if you could live it. Anecdotes, incidents, alarms and adventures crowd her pages. She still sees those distant days with a youthful clearness—and, consequently, her writing has the effect of stripping off from the Wild West the whole vulgar accretion for which second-rate movies and synthetic he-man fiction are to be blamed.

A Benefactor

M^R. T. A. LAYTON saw no reason why good eating should be confined to London, W.I. Highbrows have palates, and he proposed to cater for them. He accordingly brought into being, and almost at once into fashion, first one, then another, restaurant in the neighbourhood of the British Museum. His original idea, as he relates it in *Table for Two* (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.), had been a wine-bar—and he was thoroughly qualified for this undertaking by having won the Vintners' Company Scholarship. This had sent him, not only through the wine-growing regions of France, but also, for obvious reasons, to Portugal—where he unwillingly took part in a bull fight in the role of first banderillero.

The first restaurant was an extension of the wine-bar; the snacks developed into delicious-sounding and

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THERE were three of us. We were talking Philosophy. In fact,

we were discussing the Platonic Theory. There was wisdom, a certain amount of wit in our conversation. I myself was not in the same intellectual and cultural street as my two companions; but, nevertheless, I was striving to grope my way thither and the experience was thrilling, as all new intellectual experiences are.

We had already talked of beauty in the abstract, of art, of literature; indeed, even in a modest way, we had discussed most of those topics which, among others, alone raised the mental and spiritual world of mankind above the plane of the purely animal. In a lull in the conversation I had got up, gone to the gramophone, and put on a Mozart record. It was while we were listening to this, each one lost in his own enchanting vision, that the roar of gunfire suddenly shook the house and another air raid had begun! Since the house itself offered only scant protection, we rose from our seats, crossed the lawn, gazed for a moment at the night sky pin-pricked by stars—as if Heaven were shining through—and then entered the vault-like atmosphere of an underground shelter.

As we sat huddled in the semi-darkness, we said little. We were not frightened. That kind of numbed mentality which besets the human brain during an air raid alone made conversation impossible. We sat waiting for the next crash, saying nothing. I think our minds

were absorbed solely by the human indignity of it all! That after

nearly 2000 years of Christianity and culture, the end, so far as each had been reached, was represented by three civilised individuals, buried six feet underground, waiting and listening while death and destruction rained down from the sky relentlessly and without discrimination. That after all mankind's mighty efforts to raise himself above the level of the beasts, he should be reduced to this—and all the human humiliation which it implied! Not all the divine heroism, courage, self-sacrifice which war brings in its tragic train can ever, even for an instant, efface the brutal ugliness of the cause which gives them birth. And yet, alas! the cause inevitable so often. There lies the horror of it all, and the pity. So that one inwardly weeps as much for the Glory as for the Woe; remaining not so greatly pessimistic as spiritually baffled; finding all the proffered explanations so many arid encounters.

When we three returned to the house after the raid was over, we felt not so much like human beings as like rabbits who find the world outside is once more free from man's dictatorship. All the same, something had gone from the world of peace and beauty which we had tried to re-create among ourselves. Leaving our hearts and minds feeling numbed and immeasurably old. And still humiliated, perhaps. Yet, strangely enough, still undaunted!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Sykes — Clifford-Turner

Lieut. Rodney Talton Sykes, R.N.V.R., only son of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. Cyril Sykes, of 35, Harley Street, W., and Frinton-on-Sea, married Mary Clifford-Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford-Turner, of The White Cottage, Radlett, Herts., at the Savoy Chapel



Mrs. S. G. Irvin

Miss Lindsay Mary Bruce, daughter of the late Major Ernest Bruce, of Melbourne, and niece of Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, was married at Christchurch, Down Street, to Lieut. Stephen George Irvin, Rifle Brigade, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin, of Johannesburg



Lane — Eedes

Lieut. G. Lane, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lane, of Ealing, was married to Joyce Eedes at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. She is the only daughter of Squadron Leader and Mrs. Eedes, of Sheerness, Kent



Mackenzie-Smith — Talbot

2nd Lieut. Anthony Mackenzie-Smith, The Gordon Highlanders, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackenzie-Smith, of Madras, India, married Isobel Talbot, daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady Talbot, of Burnley Hall, East Somerton, Norfolk, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Templeton — Casement

Chief Yeoman Richard Templeton, U.S. Navy, son of the late E. C. Templeton, and Mrs. Templeton, of Augusta, Georgia, married Joan Casement, daughter of the late R. H. Casement, and Mrs. Casement, of Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, at the chapel of the Milestone Club, Kensington



Ritchie — Porter

Squadron Leader Patrick John Emerton Ritchie, R.A.F., son of the late Sir James Ritchie, Bt., of Crick Manor, Northamptonshire, and of Edna, Lady Ritchie, married Alison Porter, youngest daughter of Dr. Charles Porter, of 69, Clifton Hill, N.W., at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



Morshead — Walmsley-Cotham

Capt. R. M. Morshead, son of the late Rear-Admiral J. E. Morshead, and Mrs. Morshead, of Edinburgh, married Barbara Mary Walmsley-Cotham, daughter of Mr. H. Walmsley-Cotham, of Great Baddow, and Mrs. Walmsley-Cotham, of Dudley House, Westmoreland Street, W., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Wheeler — Cross

Lieut. A. Leonard Gage Wheeler, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wheeler, of Uxendon Hill, Wembley Park, married Nancy Cross, daughter of Mrs. James Holland, Ardwilliam Court, Sandbanks, Dorset, at the Savoy Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

Sir Richard would have been preparing for his house-party for the Doncaster St. Leger meeting. The yearlings from his Sledmere Stud were always a feature of the sales held during this famous race week. Alas, now there is no Doncaster week, and Sir Richard, like most of his friends, is busy with his military duties. A few yearlings bred at Sledmere were put up for auction at the last Newmarket sales, and will help to continue bloodstock breeding, which is one of the trades of this country and brings in more revenue to the Exchequer than a lot of people realise.

Round and About

ST. JAMES'S STREET, that haunt of the peacetime *flaneur*, is still one of the most fascinating of London's streets to walk along. The other day a good many civilian strollers—and some junior officers as well—were surprised to see majors, colonels, and even a couple of brigadiers saluting a shortish, well-set-up elderly man in a grey lounge suit and trilby hat walking with a friend towards the Park. He was the man responsible for the military defence of London—Lieut.-General Sir B. N. Sergison-Brooke, who retired a few months ago from his post as General Officer Commanding London District. He is a cousin of General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and brother of Sir Basil Brooke, Treasurer to the Queen. The Brooke family is descended from another Sir Basil Brooke, who settled in Ireland in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, and became Governor of Donegal. His son, Sir Henry, also a Governor of Donegal, received grants of land for his part in suppressing the Rebellion of 1641, when the family nickname, "the fighting Brookes," probably originated.

Beside the Seaside

THE war has made it difficult to give children their usual change at the sea, what with restricted areas and other dangers of war. Two mothers who overcame these difficulties and took their families to the sea together are Lady Portman and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet. Lady Portman, whose husband was serving with his regiment, the Life Guards, when he died so suddenly after an operation in July, has two daughters, and Mrs. Emmet, who is the late Lord Portman's younger sister, has a daughter and two sons. Mrs. Emmet now spends a lot of her time supervising her husband's farm while he is away soldiering, and does a lot of the dairy work herself. Their lovely house, Moreton Paddox, in Warwickshire, was requisitioned at the beginning of the war, and they now live in a little house on the estate.

Two other little girls who have had plenty of sea this year and look as "brown as berries" are Sally and Rosemary Hollebene. They are living with their mother by the sea in North Wales, where her husband is stationed, and go to school quite near. Mrs. Hollebene used to live at Hadlow Place, in Kent, a lovely old house which is mentioned in the *Doomsday Book*. She is a very keen gardener, and had made the gardens there really beautiful, especially a wonderful lupin garden and some very fine herbaceous borders. Mrs. Hollebene has some good coloured films of the house and garden which she enjoys showing her friends, especially those like herself who are garden-lovers and are now without a garden owing to the war.



Angela, Susan, Virginia and Belinda Jane

These four enchanting little girls are the daughters of Sir Kenelm and Lady Cayley. Their photograph was taken when they were sitting on the garden wall overlooking the lovely lawns of "The Green," their father's home at Brompton-by-Sawdon, Yorkshire. Angela, the eldest, is twelve this year, Susan eight, Virginia six, and baby Belinda two. Their mother is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Bertie Brewis

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

(even for pre-war days) astoundingly low-priced dinners. Mr. Layton's premises, always crowded, crept up through the Bloomsbury building, floor by floor. Soon, so many would-be diners had to be turned away, that his second restaurant opened, to take the overflow—but, wisely, he aimed at giving this second restaurant a character quite distinct from the first: he knew the danger of repeating any success.

The aesthetics and the psychology of restaurant-keeping seem to have been grasped from the outset by Mr. Layton, who is clearly a genius in his own line. His *Table for Two* tells of his idea, its growth and its realisation: to this he adds an account of his early days, and the trial and error preceding his start in his true vocation. He is detached and modest, but it is clear that he has done as much for London good living as any one young man can hope to do—and he has larger projects filed for after the war. Apart from his well-grounded knowledge of wine, he shows a flair for distinction in surroundings and food. Good lighting, good seating, a varied, interesting menu, and an atmosphere at once reposeful and gay, did not need to remain the prerogatives of the West End, and sophisticated English cooking should keep up its end against Continental Soho—always with the concomitant of the first-rate wines Mr. Layton bought, and sometimes bottled himself.

The story of any enterprise always fascinates me. Also, I have an envious interest in that particular angle on human nature to be got by the restaurant-keeper or inn-keeper. To feed mankind is to know mankind like a book—in fact, I have often felt that the novelist might do well to apprentice himself to a restaurant for a term (if the busy proprietor could be bothered with him). Mr. Layton's *Table for Two* has been compared, inside its wrapper, with Mr. John Fothergill's classic *Diary of an Innkeeper*, and certainly gave me pleasure of very much the same kind. Mr. Layton, like Mr. Fothergill, is a discreet and equable raconteur; he is not at all frightened of using names (his references to "people" are neatly indexed), and he alternately sweetens his anecdotes with ironic affection, and salts them with wry humour. His descriptions of contretemps are engaging—for instance, barman trouble loomed large; there was also the problem of eliminating, without blatant offence, the wrong clientele—from the too gay unaccompanied lady to the loathsome little rude man who is the restaurant scourge. It is a monument to his taste and tact that he got just the people he wanted, and soon faded out the others. By the time war came, each of his restaurants had become the nucleus of a distinctive world.

Catering—in which Mr. Layton attained to a greatness that had been more or less forced upon him—also presented its problems and contretemps. He began by letting off one of his own top rooms for sherry parties; he was then prevailed on to "do" parties at people's own homes. He prints, in *Table for Two*, with likeable frankness, correspondence about his least successful attempt—a country party to which "the eats" did not travel well. His point—as throughout the book—is, one learns by experience. His catering for the Georgian Ball, at Osterley, was his pre-war climax—and a tour de force. In his closing chapter he has a good deal to say about Army catering—with which he has lately coped. . . . But most of the book is pre-war. *Those* were the days! To read makes one's mouth water. In the wine-bar and upstairs in the two restaurants, fine wines used to be served at from 6d. to 8d, a glass!

Thriller

THRILLERS, as apart from detective-stories, have not often happened to come my way. I confess—and this clearly is a confession—that the works of "Sinbad" have been unknown to me. After *Bomb Ship* (Robert Hale; 7s. 6d.), I see how one might become an addict. The statistics of big sales of the earlier works, on the wrapper of *Bomb Ship*, are not unaccountable. Here is a printed movie, with high tension every three minutes, for those who prefer the fireside armchair to the cinema fauteuil. Lean men of action (American, Dutch, and a drug-sodden British ex-officer who in the end makes good), a touchy, proud British beauty, with a genius for getting the wrong end of the stick, and blazing cold, undeserved wrath on the honest male; an impudent, full-bosomed charmer of fifteen who demands "a kees" as the price of each act of useful espionage; and Axis villains—these make up the cast. The scene is Sumatra—up river, around a deserted trading-post. Bim Gerrard, down-and-out American sea-captain who has lost his ship, is hired by a mysterious Dutchman to investigate obvious dirty work. He turns up a good deal more than he bargained for. High explosives, radio control, native spear-throwing, jungle mysteries, river currents, and the uncertain fortunes of female virtue, are the ingredients of the well-built plot. You will hold your breath again and again—I did.

Not So Dumb

"ALPHABET HICKS" (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) introduces a new detective hero, with a taste for pedantic jokes, and a passion for eating candy, who is far from being just as dumb as he seems. Mr. Rex Stout builds his plot up round the phenomenon of two different women who have the same voice. "Sonatel" records lead to unjust suspicions—and open threatening vistas of endless unprivacy in the office and home. The American scene is good; katydid sound through the hot nights in the fields and woods round the murder-haunted laboratory.



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Maths. and Myths

ARE you good at mathematics? No. Then you can never be good at flying an aeroplane. That is how the argument goes, according to those who select men for pilot training in the Royal Air Force. It follows the formula adopted in nearly all the professions and services.

The fact of passing a certain examination is taken to be a direct indication of intelligence and ability. It is an easy, lazy way of getting out of the difficulties of really sound selection. The school and other examinations are exalted and are taken to set the levels of those who pass or fail to pass them for the rest of their lives. It is, of course, against all experience. It is an obviously faulty system of discovering aptitude. It is hostile to the appearance of special, individual ability. And in flying it is particularly bad. Cases have now come to my personal notice during this war in which men who would make first-class pilots have been turned down because their mathematics are poor; while others, who will never make good pilots, have been accepted because their mathematics are good. I have done some flying instruction and I have lived among flying folk long enough to be able to judge when air aptitude is present and when it is not.

Choice by Interview

My belief is that a good interviewing board can tell with much greater accuracy whether a man will be a good pilot or not than can the most complete "history" of the man's past achievements at school and university.

I would sweep away immediately these mathematical bars to acceptance for pilot training and subject applicants to much broader tests by interview. After all, if the old lady with the weighing-machine can guess most weights right after a glance at the newcomer, the experienced interviewer should be able to guess flying aptitude.

And it is the same among the Royal Air Force tradesmen. The best mechanic I ever

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

knew was solely a practical man and was almost without mathematics or general education. It is rubbish to suggest that these absurd examinations and degrees shed light on a man's real abilities. And the trouble is that insistence on degrees and certificates is banning hundreds of men and women from tasks for which they have a special liking and feel that they have aptitude. It is all the outcome of the arrogance of the pen-pushers. They devise their silly little examinations and sit their candidates down before pieces of paper. Those who make the right scribbles are good men; those who make the wrong ones are bad.

Air Aptitude

THE story of the reject who manages in the end to overcome all obstacles and then proves himself to be a genius is common. And it has a basis of truth. I do not like to see rows of good mathematicians (who I know will be poor pilots) going up for flying training while the rows of poor mathematicians (who I know would be good pilots) are told that the Royal Air Force does not require their services.

Air aptitude is a compound of manipulative skill, visual judgment and disciplined habit formation. By insisting on educational standards we are getting off the point. The world's great sportsmen and geniuses would never have had a chance to excel if the embracing of a civilian career were always subject to the passing of examinations.

Fortress Feats

It is good to see those who were most critical of the Boeing Fortress at last coming round to the view I expressed right from the start.

They are now understanding that big bombers have other tasks to do besides carrying big bombs; they have to get through the enemy's defences without being shot down, for example.

The merit of a big bomber, in short, is not expressed by the load it will carry. The Fortresses, by their powers of high flying and fast flying and by their powerful armament, are able to get through enemy defences and even to beat off repeated fighter attacks.

Up to the time of writing they have been working at comparatively short ranges. But the results have been so uniformly good that there can be no doubt about the excellence of the aircraft and the skill and courage of the crews.

Personally, I have always laid it down that it is better to carry a small bomb very fast than a big bomb very slowly. Modern defences are so good—both anti-aircraft artillery and fighters—that the slow bomber is likely to suffer every time it meets them. Alternatively, it may be said that it is better to carry a small bomb very high than a large bomb very low. Bombing at low levels is not so accurate that bombing from high levels must be appreciably less effective. We have given up the idea that bombing is as accurate as gun-fire. Anyhow, the Fortresses have justified everything I have been saying about the value and, indeed, necessity for high speed and climb in bombers.

Russian Bombers

WHILE the Americans have been demonstrating their skill in bombing, the Soviet airmen have been doing likewise. Of the Russian operations, however, we know little. The suggestion is that four-engined aircraft of the type used to bring M. Molotov to this country are being used. We do not know what results were obtained; but the raids are further proof of the quality of Russian men and machines.

So the bombing position has been improved by the addition of really useful American and Russian forces. Bombing is certainly going to play a big part in the operations of the future.

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



Planning the Winter Wardrobe

In a few brief weeks the new coupons may be spent, and what pleasure this will afford. The planning of the wardrobe must be done with the utmost care. A visit to Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, is warmly to be recommended. It is in the Stock Size department that the dress portrayed above may be seen. It is carried out in a soft, dark, woolly material with a plastron vest of a lighter shade. The accessory may be varied from time to time and so may the flowers. Of course the intervention of a needle and thread are necessary to achieve this. It is an ideal frock for house wear, and when a coat is added there are few informal out-of-door occasions when it may not appropriately be assumed. A few words must be said about this firm's Marella coats. Standing out with prominence in the collection is one of a pile-like fabric in tan, wine and grey shades, lined throughout with crêpe; it is priced at £4 10s. 9d., and belongs to the Utility family

Undoubtedly fuel economy will have to be practised during the winter, and women will be dependent on their wearing apparel to keep them warm. There is nothing better for this than pure cashmere. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are making a feature of twin sets, pullovers and cardigans, carried out in it. Illustrated at the top of this page on the right is a pullover or, as some prefer to call it, a jumper. It is available in many colour schemes while a strong point in its favour is that it never sags. Note the high neckline, wide shoulders, and long sleeves which fit snugly at the wrists. The twin set pictured below consists of a spotted pullover and cardigan. The former is arranged with a neat modified Peter Pan collar and has a pretty pin-spot design; the cardigan is plain. Of course they can be worn separately



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AN insignificant little man with a melancholy moustache and watery eyes approached the circus manager. He said he had an act.

"See that hundred-foot tower. I'll jump off it, landing on my head on that cement block underneath it."

"Go away," the manager said, "I'm too busy to bother with lunatics." But a few minutes later someone screamed and, looking up, he saw the man on the tower, preparing to jump.

"Don't do it!" yelled the manager.

"This is what I mean," came the answer—and a moment later the little man hurtled downward, hitting the block head first. After a moment he picked himself up, shook his head, and started to walk away.

The manager ran to him, and grabbed his arm.

"That's a wonderful act. You're engaged."

"I've changed my mind."

"But you've got to sign!" the manager howled.

"You're sensational! I'll give you five hundred a week."

"Nothing doing."

"But you offered me the act! What's the trouble?"

"Well," said the little man, rubbing his head,

"you see, that was the first time I ever tried it, and it gave me a bit of a headache."

A YOUNG woman hurried into a new delicatessen store in her neighbourhood to pick up some things on her way home from the office. The man behind the counter strove to please her in every way, going to considerable trouble to make careful selection of each item. When she thanked him for his pains-taking service, he said cheerily: "Oh, that's all right, miss. There's our motto." He waved at a printed card on the wall: "Our best is none too good."

that the address of my friend was just behind the Hotel Continental where I was stopping. 'C'est derrière L'Hôtel Continental,' he kept repeating.

"I got it all but the derrière. I demanded: 'Que Signifie derrière?'"

"The wearied cabby, who was watching me back out of his decrepit vehicle, lifted a shoulder and spread his hands. 'If,' he said, 'Madame does not know the meaning of derrière, nobody does!'"

ANOTHER story from America:

A goofy guy at a cafeteria had a bit of lettuce sticking out of his ear five nights in a row. On the sixth night the same dope sat at the same table, but this time his ear contained a hunk of celery. Unable to contain his curiosity, one of the regulars went over to him and said: "Pardon me, mister, I don't want to appear rude—but would you please tell me just why you have a bit of celery in your ear?"

"Because," was the reply, "I ran out of lettuce."

THIS letter from an African native was quoted in *The Forum*, Johannesburg, and is, we think, rather neat!

"Dear Doctor—Just for some few lines I just write a short application. Sir, will I please get some work at the place there and I can be very glad for I have been working here at this place, never being redeemed."

"I've been working a long time. I will only write some few words, what I haven't done them. I haven't quarrel, quibble, phrenzy. I was also not a quandary or to quibble to my master tell he leave this place last month. I have also got my certify from my doctor for the work I have done it."

"Answer please before the end of the month."



"Eenie, Meenie, Miney, Mo . . ."

A STOUT gentleman, determined to lose weight during a stay on his Vermont farm, hustled to the general store for a pair of overalls. He picked out a pair big enough for energetic exercise. Then a thought struck him: "Wait a minute," he told the man behind the counter, "those fit me now but I expect to lose a lot—maybe I'd better buy a smaller pair."

The assistant shook his head: "Mister, if you can shrink as fast as these overalls can, you'll be doing pretty good," he said, and calmly went on wrapping the overalls.

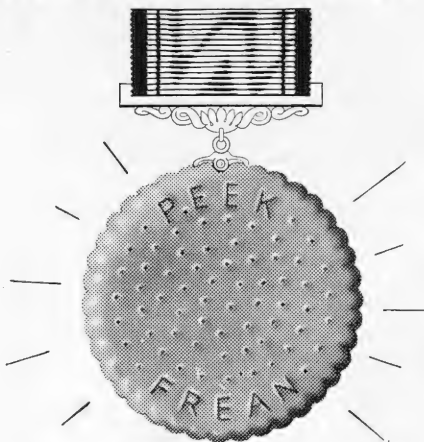
Each Day Brings Us Nearer Victory. — Do Not Delay the Hour by Waste. — The Need For Paper Increases Daily. — Do Your Bit and Save

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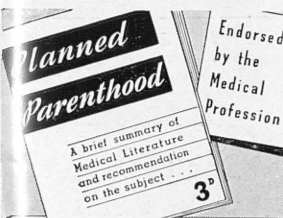
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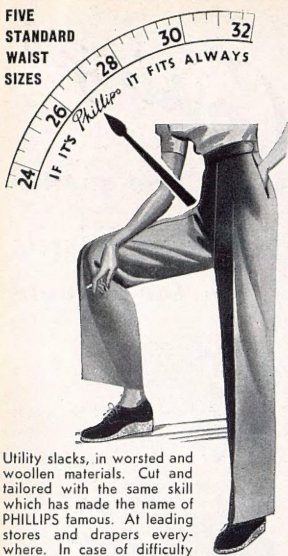


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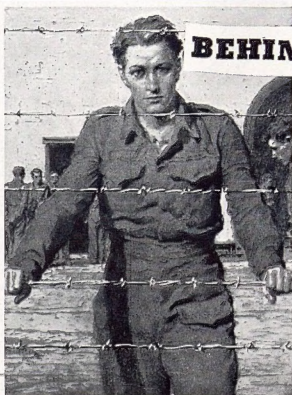


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TIME: 1880. Scene: The Boardroom of B.S.A. The Directors have assembled to see a demonstration of the "dicycle", the latest development in road transport. Enter Mr. Otto, the inventor. He does not make a long speech—he simply lifts his machine on to the boardroom table, climbs up himself, mounts it, rides backwards and forwards, explains its points . . . The demonstration over, he descends to the floor, re-mounts, and rides his "dicycle" down the stairs and out into the street. The far-sighted Directors of B.S.A. had been impressed; and a few months later they began to make the Otto Patent Safety Dicycle.

The spirit of initiative that stimulated the B.S.A. Directors to interest themselves in Mr. Otto's invention belonged equally to those other directorates that launched Daimler and Lanchester Cars—that led B.S.A. to develop B.S.A. Bicycles, Motor Cycles and Cars. That same spirit of initiative is alive and alert today; it will present to the post-war world products in the van of development in every field covered by B.S.A.

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